

WOMAN AND THE HOME NEW SUMMER FASHIONS AND IDEAS PRIZE SUGGESTIONS



THE BUSINESS WOMAN

By Ellen Adair

Inefficiency a Factor in Low Wages

"MARRIAGE is the greatest handicap to a career," declared a strong-minded and unattached lady the other day. "No woman who is married can really give her whole time and thought to the profession she may wish to follow. For the selfishness of her husband will certainly step in and prove a hindrance to her. Then the problematical children form yet another difficulty, for no woman can look after children, a home and a husband and at the same time do really good outside work."

The truth of these statements has been refuted so frequently that cases need not here be cited where women have not only proved successful wives and mothers, but, at the same time, have followed careers bringing them into public prominence. Women doctors, women lawyers, women writers, artists, business women—all refute the idea that the married woman is incapable of doing more than one thing at a time, or, to be accurate, quite half a dozen distinct and separate things.

I am convinced that marriage in itself is not sufficient to satisfy the normal, intelligent woman. She ought to have some special outside interest, something beyond home and husband and children. It is lamentable to see so many women, who before marriage have been clever, interesting, up-to-date, individuality in that of the husband and virtually cease to be an ego at all. Just because a woman loves a man no reason why she should lose her own personality and cease to hold any opinions apart from his. But that is too often the case. And it is so desperately bad for the men, too. It certainly tends to make them especially vain. Oh, these complacent, small-minded little husbands, who seek to rule their wives' minds with a rod of iron! How intolerant they are of feminine opinion; how arrogant where any woman is concerned! And it is the wives who are largely responsible for this attitude.

"I believe that all women should work," declared a prominent New York business woman recently; "there is no reason why women can't try to do everything that men do. And women should work for their living just as men do now. They will have more respect for themselves, their husbands will have more respect for them, and so will their children. A man loves a woman just because she is an independent, thinking being, and immediately he marries her she becomes something else. He is cheated. In the same way, I don't think that any woman who has made a name for herself should change it because she is fond of a man. Why should she give up the advertising advantage that lies in the name she has made for herself?"

This business woman, however, is certain that only the exceptional woman is big-minded enough to go in for a career in the whole-hearted way men do. "The average working woman of today is inefficient," she says. "Only the exceptional woman, who works because she wants to, is of any great moment."

"But even when all women work as work they must, the inferiority of all but the exceptional woman will not be altered. And why will they continue to be inferior in accomplishment to men? That's easy. They don't know how and they won't learn how to really work. It's just as I said. They aren't big-minded. The women who are in business today are there because they have to; because in a lot of cases somebody is dependent upon them. And just as the man who was daring and had initiative before he was married loses those qualities because he must take care of his wife."

and his children, she is afraid to do anything at all. She shows those symptoms of fear all the time. And more than that, she just drifts along. She is content to be a stenographer all her life. She does so much and no more. You couldn't put the average man in a place like that without seeing him sooner or later poking around somewhere else doing a bit besides the stipulated amount, just because he was interested. I have some stenographers here that I have been trying to stir up for years, and I have just given up the job as hopeless."

"I think there should be equal pay for equal work," she continued, "but there must be equal work. The fault lies with the women. They apply for a position and take what is offered them. But if they demand a good, high wage they will get it. Their employers will respect them for asking it. And if they ask for a lot of money and get it, they will take the trouble to be worth it. Why do stenographers receive such low wages? Why do men offer them about one-half what they give men stenographers? Because they know that women are inefficient."

And until women make up their minds to be more efficient and more interested in their work, just so long will they receive small wages and have small prospects.



PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY
For the following suggestions sent in by readers the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.
All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. Agnes Curley, 204 York street, Camden, N. J., for the following suggestion:
It is much easier to handle and care for a mop made with a couple of large, cheap sponges. Put them into the handle in place of the ordinary rag mop. The sponges are easily wrung out and take up dust and dirt readily. They leave no strings, as the rag do, and may be used on rugs or hardwood floors. For rugs, dampen with ammonia water and go over lightly.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Bernie Stevenson, 2130 North 30th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:
Add three tablespoons of cold water to the white of one egg, then beat in the usual manner. You will find when the egg is beaten you have twice the amount of egg. Add six tablespoons to the whites of two eggs, etc.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. M. J. Quener, Box 413, Pittman, N. J., for the following suggestion:
Instead of going to the trouble of shrinking your summer wash goods, try the following plan to show whether or not the goods have been already shrunk: Cut two small squares of the goods and shrink one, press it out nicely and compare it with the other piece. If there is no difference, the necessity for shrinking is done away with.

It is the season now to go about the country high and low. Among the lines hand in hand, and two by two in fairy-land.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Bluey Blackbird Tries "Huffing"

Mr. Garden Toad sat in the gravel of the garden path and enjoyed the warm sunshine. "How much better off am I," he thought to himself, "than the poor benighted toads who scramble for a living along the brook!" He blinked his eyes and rested a while. Then he thought again (toads never think and rest at the same time. It's too confusing), "poor things, they have to jump and hunt and work for their food. While I, in this pleasant garden, only snap my lips shut when I want a fly and 'presto' I have one!"

After he was gone, Mr. Toad blew out his breath and laughed softly—then he looked around. "Up in the tree, where Bluey had stopped to see what would happen to poor Mr. Toad, sat Billy Robin. But he was just sitting there, he didn't notice the toad or Bluey or anything. "Now," said



He saw a great huffed-out blackbird instead of the Bluey he was used to seeing.

Bluey to himself, when he saw what the toad had done. "That's a very good joke to play. I'm going to huff myself up and scare Billy."
So he huffed and he puffed till he was big and fat—and just at that minute Billy looked around. He saw a great huffed-out blackbird, instead of the Bluey he was used to seeing, and he was so frightened he flew away as fast as ever he could!

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The Daily Story

Another Girl in the Case

The fireman jerked open his flannel shirt a button lower, and glared resentfully at the two well-dressed young men who were examining with amused interest the small drivers and cylinders of his engine.

"Not a Figgans, evidently," remarked one.
"No, nor yet a Hebe," laughed the other.

"If you two mutts are kicking against Old 18, you'd better cut it out," interposed the fireman, angrily.

"We meant no disrespect," answered the older of the two, courteously, "our attention was attracted because we'd never seen one like it before."

"The old girl is no beauty," continued the fireman, softening somewhat, "but she jumped from here to Boston at a mile-a-minute clip one day last month."

"That's a mighty good record—we felt there must be something remarkable about her," returned one, appreciatively.

"If you've got a story—and I'm sure you have—come down and give it to us," urged the other, smiling winningly.

"She was a warm baby in her day," began the mottled fireman, "but she shed her cow-kicker and for good many years she's been doing nothing better than poking boxes and flats around here in the yard. But she got her dander up that day, and yanked us over the rails in great shape."

"Something special, I suppose," encouraged the older man, passing his cigar-case.

"Something special? Well, I should say," emphasized the fireman, "we were Lie special! Three of us—and Old 18."

He undid his lips, and allowed the cigar smoke to escape in a long, vaporous cylinder.

"It was Sunday afternoon," reminisced, "and about 3 o'clock, when a young fellow jumped off the trolley up there," indicating the street where the trolley car ran to Andover, "and came slumping down into the station, as red in the face as if he had cut himself with a hot iron in with his vest. He bumped into old Buster—that's the station agent, and howled for a special."

"Buster told him he wasn't running specials at that time, and there was nothing about the yard anyway but Old 18, and an old shifter like that was hardly the thing for a special."

"Well, the young fellow talked all kinds of languages, and showed all kinds of money. He wanted to go to New Haven. He'd got a telegram, but it didn't reach him until 5 o'clock, and he'd got to be in Boston in time to catch the 4 p. m. shortline express from the South Station. There was no connections, any way, from here, and the special he must have had, it seems to me, a student at the Phillips Academy in Andover—and a rattling good fellow, he was, too."

The fireman, artful story-teller, paused to what the interest of his listeners, and puffed his cigar enjoyably.

"I'll bet there's a girl at the other end of the line!" cried the man who was looking for stories.

"Or a fortune," hazarded the other.

The fireman grinned at both impartially.

The young fellow's name was Hart, and he had a mild conviction to come in him, and the way he slung his argument at old Buster showed he knew the way to a man's inside heart. He roared in English, and an address was sounded. Old 18 would do the trick if he could have the road.

"Old Buster kept the key tapping, and Conductor Tom Collins picked out the 'short-cut' for the train. Then Buster got the word back from Boston—All right. Give you the road, and in just 23 minutes from the time young Hart had blown in with his roll and his convincing eloquence, Duffy threw the throttle wide open, and the old hooker dashed down the line as if she'd been on her engine's pastime."

"Duffy didn't get a word from Boston—All right. Give you the road, and in just 23 minutes from the time young Hart had blown in with his roll and his convincing eloquence, Duffy threw the throttle wide open, and the old hooker dashed down the line as if she'd been on her engine's pastime."

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WEDDING GOWN OF GOLDEN ROD SATIN AND TULLE

200,000 YOUNG VOICES HAIL "OLD GLORY" PRINCETON ABANDONS COMPULSORY CHAPEL

Flag Day is Observed in Schools by Singing of "Star-Spangled Banner."

Two hundred thousand children sang the "Star Spangled Banner" as the clock struck twelve today in the classrooms of every Philadelphia public school. The occasion is Flag Day, in commemoration of the adoption of the "stars and stripes" as the national emblem.

Dr. William C. Jacobs, Superintendent of Public Schools, sent letters to all principals urging their co-operation in the celebration. Brief talks on the significance of the day were heard in the schools.

Noon meetings were held in every local branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. At the Central branch, 121 Arch street, P. Nevill West sounded the "Assembly" on a trumpet from the steps of the institution. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Clarence E. McCarty, and an address was delivered by Franklin Spencer Edmonds.

The Louisiana State flag was raised over Independence Hall today. This act will recall that 29 years ago Governor Brumbaugh, then an educator, went to Louisiana to reorganize the school system of that State.

This evening services will be held in the auditorium of the Germantown Y. M. C. A. The program comprises addresses by Franklin Spencer Edmonds and the Rev. T. A. Hess. Special song services will be conducted by Thomas L. Lawton. Closing prayer will be offered by the Rev. J. Wallace Green.

MOTHER LEADS REBELLIOUS GIRL BRIDE TO SCHOOL AND BACK AGAIN

Such is the Blight That Has Settled Upon the Budding Romance of 15-Year-Old Anna French and Youthful Husband She Took at Elkton.

No more fearful blight could have been cast upon the budding romance of 15-year-old Anna L. French and Edward Moore, the youthful Collinswood couple who eloped to Elkton a few weeks ago and perjured themselves so that they could be made man and wife, than that now being perpetrated by Anna's mother, Mrs. Edna French.

Like a recalcitrant tom-boy, the girl-ride is being taken to school every day and being kept home by sheer force of her mother's will. The reason is, of course, that Anna has been separated from her erstwhile spouse and annulment proceedings instituted.

But Anna doesn't want to be separated. She says so again and again, and that's where the rub comes in. The separation is entirely a maternal measure.

"I'm going back to him just as soon as I get the chance," the rebellious girl reiterates again and again, according to her youthful sister, and for that reason Mrs. French has decided not to let the girl away from the shadow of the home at 25 Lees street.

As for Ed Moore, the husband, he doesn't want Anna back just yet. He said so himself yesterday. He's willing to wait for her, yes, almost as long as Jacob waited for Rachel, but he doesn't want her just yet, because if she comes to him he'll go to jail. And then where would he be?

"I'm out on parole," he said despondently, standing in a shoemaker's shop in Collinswood waiting for a shoe to be mended, "and though I love Anna, I'll make serious trouble if she comes back, because then I'll be arrested on the charge of abduction again."

Judge William Boyle has let the young man out with the proviso that he will not try to see the girl until she is of age. Edward agreed, but the impetuous young girl, who has been sent back to school, threatens to upset things. She declares she will see him the first opportunity.

And so the mother has adopted strenuous measures to curb her and keep her under strict surveillance at all times, to the intense amusement of Collinswood residents who are interested in the romance.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Gown for the June Bride

HONORS are divided during the month of June between the sweet girl graduate and the June bride. Of course, in point of picturesqueness, the bride takes first place, and it is safe to say that every feminine eye is attracted to a charming bridal gown.

Here is a wonderfully becoming wedding gown, designed by one of our American artists whose reputation is international. The first thing you will notice, I suppose, is the novel arrangement of the veil. It is a distinct innovation of this season, this fashion of arranging the veil or orange blossoms like a coronet around the head, with the bridal veil proper falling from the back, a Callot importation. In this case, the bandeau is made of rare old princess lace, with a spray of orange blossoms. Touches of the blossoms are also seen at the bottom of the train.

White golden rod satin is used on the gown, combined with white tulle. Softly plaited tulle fills in the low cut bodice and forms the greater part of the sleeves. Pearls outline the corsage.

The bodice has a satin cord outlining the junctures of the bust and the waist. The waist line is slightly shirred. In the case of a girle, and is made on Empire lines. Large motifs in pearls and sequins are used as trimming on the front of the skirt. A drapery is used at either side, culminating in the long, full court train at the back.

Bridal costumes this year, I have noticed, are delightfully simple, with full old-fashioned lines for the extremely youthful bride, and the draped and brocaded gown for the older woman. I will take up the bridesmaid's costume tomorrow.

COLONEL HOUSE SEES NO CHANCE FOR PEACE

President Wilson's Friend, Back From Europe, Reports War Feeling is Unchanged.

ROSLIN, L. I., June 14. Colonel E. M. House, who slipped down here yesterday as soon as he got back from his four months' stay abroad, said that he saw no chance for peace in Europe. Moreover, he asserted that the United States "never had the job of peacemaker" and denied that his trip had been undertaken as President Wilson's unofficial envoy on a mission of peace.

Colonel House brought to an end an interview during which he declined to answer many questions and smiled away many others by saying when asked if he would accept the place of Secretary of State, that it hadn't been offered to him.

The Colonel never for a minute shook the belief of his interviewers that he was the President's personal representative abroad, and a close one, too. He admitted that he might go to Washington tonight to see the President, although he said he didn't know; he might not go for two or three days.

Colonel House said that he talked with all the high Government officials of Great Britain, France and Germany. He saw and talked with everybody high in official circles except the Kaiser and King George. He also conferred with Herbert C. Hoover, American chief agent in London for the Belgian relief.

Colonel House was the guest of Ambassador Gerard in Berlin, from where he went to Switzerland for a few days. Then he returned to London and was there when the Lusitania was sunk, and when the President's first note was sent to Germany. The result of what he saw and all that he heard convinced him, he said, of the hopelessness of peace now.

"Everybody is tired of the war," he said, "but there is no diminution in the support of the people. There is no change in the popular feeling. I was impressed by the popular spirit. They all have it. They are equally confident of winning."

Tomorrow's Menu

"If I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish."—Shakespeare.

Breakfast.
Liver and Bacon.
Muffins. Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.
Beefsteak Pie.
Sliced Tomatoes.
Iced Tea. Wafers.

DINNER.
Vegetable Bouillon.
Boiled Ham.
Creamed Radishes. Mashed Potatoes.
Currant Jelly.
Watercress Salad.
Bread Pudding.

Liver and bacon—Cook the bacon first and remove it to a plate in the oven. Let the fat become very hot and dredge thin slices of liver in flour, then cook quickly in the fat. Season with salt and a little pepper and serve very hot with the crisp bacon.

Beefsteak pie—Cut old beefsteak into small pieces, removing all bone and fat. Cover with boiling water, add a small onion cut in pieces and stew very slowly until tender. Put the meat in a baking dish with some sliced raw potato and a little strained tomato, season with salt and pepper and stir in a little flour, rubbed smooth in water. Make some baking powder biscuits, arrange them on the top of the meat, almost touching each other, and bake slowly for half an hour.

Boiled ham—Soak a ham all night, cover with cold water, add two cupsful of vinegar and half a cupful of sugar, and simmer until tender. Remove the skin and bones, pack the ham into a pan, mixing the fat with the lean, press with a weight and let it stand until cold. Slice and serve.

Earthquake Shocks in Germany

LONDON, June 14.—A Reuter dispatch from Amsterdam says that severe earthquake shocks hit the Rhine region yesterday afternoon in Wurtemberg, especially in the towns of Ettingen and Balingen.

The correspondent adds that as far as is known no considerable damage was done.

Advertisement for Pearl Borax Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the soap's benefits for skin and hair.

Advertisement for Van Orden Corset Co., featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the corset's features and availability.

Advertisement for W.A. Bender, featuring text about fresh eggs and stamping and embroidery services.